

BRADDOCK'S GRAVE.

BY REV. J. N. BROWN.

"In passing along the National Road, near the foot of Laurel Hill, and about 10 miles east from Union, the traveller will observe a sign (a plain shingle) placed on a tree, upon which is painted 'Braddock's Grave,' with an index pointing to a clump of trees about 200 yards from the road. This is the only monument that indicates the resting place of the proud and brave, but unfortunate hero of the old French War."

The morning sun serenely shone,
The morning air was pure and still;
All Nature wore a cheerful tone,
Around the foot of Laurel Hill.

Our stage-coach whirled along the way:
One passing glance was all we gave;
Where a small board was nailed, to say,
"Yonder's Braddock's bloody grave."

Far from the land he called his own,
Nor friends nor children o'er him weep;
A group of forest trees alone,
Stand sentinels around his sleep.

Yet hallowed be his burial spot;
For he was generous proud and brave;
And worthy of a happier lot,
Than here to fill a nameless grave.

Why lies he then unhonored here?
Not in dishonor did he fall,
And future fair renown was dear
To him, as it is dear to all.

If by his native land forgot,
Because in western wilds he fell,
Mid ambushes foes and secret shot,
And frantic rout and savage yell:

My country! why should'st thou forget
The gallant chief that cross'd the sea,
Thy ruthless foes in battle met
And poured his life-blood out for thee?

Look not upon his faults alone,
On hasty words he spoke amiss;
The glorious fame of Washington
Needs not an odious foil like this!

On thoughts more just and generous bent,
In tardy gratitude arise,
And rear some fitting monument,
To mark the spot where Braddock lies.

Let the great West, at least, be just;
Let Pittsburg vindicate his fame;
Nor longer leave with common dust
Her first defender's generous name!

What though misfortune clove him down,
Upon the soil he came to save;
Take not away the just renown
Due Braddock in his bloody grave!

FANNON'S MARE.

The exploits of Fannon, the famous to-ry partisan of North Carolina, would make a body of facts more interesting than any tale of fiction. He was a reckless fellow, bloody-minded as the hounds of Hayti. He sometimes slew the helpless and innocent in cold blood—the coward! But he had that instinctive tone and bearing of authority that kept his people within the metes and bounds of his own despotic will. He and his party were one day resting themselves by a spring, lounging here and there on the green grass in the shade of the trees. One of his subordinates, a big, strong man, had got mad with him. His rage had been boiling in him for several days; and some fresh affront at the spring had caused his anger to become ungovernable—he drew his sword, and was resting with his elbow on the ground and his hand under his head. His devoted followers were around him, and heard the click of their locks as they cocked their rifles. "Let him alone!" cried Fannon, in his quick, sharp tone. He laid still, calm and self-possessed, with his keen, dark eyes fixed on the raging lieutenant, as he made a tremendous plunge at his breast. But when the stroke came, its object swerved away like a snake, and the baffled man plunged his sword into the ground. Quick as lightning Fannon's sharp blade passed through his gigantic form: "Thus and thus I punish those disregarding my authority!"—and his eyes glowed and sparkled like a serpent's. The man sunk to the earth forever.

But Fannon's mare is written at the top of this sheet; and she is the hero of the present writing. Achilles had his Xanthos and Balus and Podargos; Alexander had his Bucephalus; McDonald had his Selim. Fannon was a man of blood like them, and like them he had his favorite and trusty charger; and Fannon's mare was worthy of her owner even a better man. He called her the Red Doe, from her resemblance in colour to a deer. She was a rare animal—fleet, powerful, intelligent, docile as a lamb—and her owner valued her, I dare say, above king or country, or the life of his own fellow man. She bore him proudly and firmly in the bloody skirmish or the quick retreat. When he stood in the noise of his partisans, or in the silent ambush, the faithful brute was by his side, ever ready to bear him whithersoever he would. But Fannon lost his mare.

Down on the east of Little River, the partisan and some four or five of his followers one day captured a man by the

name of Hunter—a whig from the country about Salisbury, N. C. This was sufficient cause of death, and Fannon told the man he should hang him. Hunter was evidently a man of the time; but what could he do, alone and defenceless, with a dozen bitter enemies? It was a case of complete desperation. The rope was ready and a strong old oak threw out its convenient branches. Fannon told him he might pray for his time was come. The poor man kneeled down and seemed absorbed in his last petition to the throne of mercy. Fannon and his men stood by, and the trusty mare stood among them, with the reins on her neck. They began to be impatient for their victim to close his devotional exercises. But they soon discover'd that there was more of earth than heaven in Hunter's thoughts; for he suddenly sprang on Fannon's mare, bowed his head down on her powerful neck, pressed his heels on her flanks, and darted away like the wind.

The tory rifles were levelled in a moment—"shoot high! shoot high!" cried Fannon—"save my mare!" The slugs all whistled over Hunter's back, save one which told with unerring aim, which tore and battered his shoulder dreadfully. He reeled on the saddle and felt sick at heart; but hope was before him, death behind, and he nerved himself for the race. On he sped, through woods and ravines, did that powerful mare carry him safely and swiftly. His enemies were in hot pursuit. They followed him by the trail of blood from his wounded shoulder. He came to Little River; there was no ford; the bank was high, and a deep place in the stream before him. But the foe came; he drew the rein, and clapped his heels to her sides, and that gallant mare plunged recklessly into the stream. She snorted in the spray as she rose, pawed the yielding wave, arched her beautiful mane above the surface, and skimmed along like a wild swan. Hunter turned her down stream, in the hope of evading his pursuers; and she reared and dashed through the flashing waters of the shoal, like lightning in the storm cloud.

But Fannon was on the trail, and rushed down the bank, with all the rough energy that the loss of his favorite could inspire. Hunter turned the mare to the opposite bank; it was steep—several feet of perpendicular rock—but she planted herself on the shore at a bound; and then away she flew over the interminable forest of pines, straight as an arrow—that admirable mare!

On and on did the generous brute bear her master's foe, till the pursuers were left hopelessly behind. Late in the evening Hunter rode into Salisbury, had the slug extracted from his shoulder, and after lingering some time with the effects of his wound and excitement, finally got well. And that gallant mare, that had done him such good service, he kept and cherished till she died of old age.

A POWERFUL PREACHER:

OR, A WONDERFUL REFORMATION.

A few years ago, in the interior of Alabama, there lived a blacksmith who used to whip every Methodist preacher who was sent on that circuit. At last the terror inspired by him was such, that it was found difficult to get a preacher who was willing to go upon that circuit. The conference however sent there a large, double-sized man, whom the name of the blacksmith could not terrify. It was not long after he went there, before, in order to fulfil an appointment, he was obliged to pass the shop of the pugnacious blacksmith; as he approached the shop he was singing in a loud voice,

"I'm on my way to Canaan."

As he approached the shop, out came the blacksmith, when the following dialogue took place:

B—I suppose you are the new preacher on this circuit?

P—Yes; the conference has sent me here to preach this year.

B—Well I have been in the habit of whipping every preacher upon this circuit, and I suppose I must whip you too!

P—Why, my friend, you had better not do it; this fighting is a very bad business; come, let me go along.

B—No, sir; you must get from your horse and let me whip you.

P—Well, if you insist upon it, I suppose I shall have to do it.

He accordingly got from his horse, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and at it they went; but it was not long before Vulcan found he had got his match; the preacher soon knocked him down, and mounting upon him began to sing,

"I'm on my way to Canaan."

After pounding him most effectually he said to him: "Now, my friend, I am going to preach to-morrow four miles from here, and you must promise to come to meeting. This the blacksmith refused to do, till at last the preacher by dint of hard knocks extorted from him the promise that he would attend the meeting. 'Now,' said the preacher, when you have said the Lord's prayer you can get up." The blacksmith protested that he could not, and would not do it, as he did not know a word of it. "Well," said the preacher, "I will learn it to you; repeat it after me. Our father which art in Heaven (thump) Finally the prayer was repeated and the blacksmith was al-

lowed to rise—and from that time the Methodist preachers have been allowed to ride the circuit unmolested.—*Yankee Blade.*

We copy the following from an exchange paper: It will be seen that the article referred to is advertised for sale in our paper, by John C. Simons, 226 King street:

Blake's Patent Fire-proof Paint.—We would call the attention of our readers to an advertisement in another column, of this most singular and valuable substance. Mr. Blake the patentee and proprietor, has removed from Ohio to this city, and established a depot at No. 3 Broad street, for the purpose of bringing his patent into more general use in this section of the country. We have no doubt but this article will work a radical change in the mode of covering the exterior of our dwellings. It is a singular phenomenon in the great works of nature—being composed of silica alumina, protoxide of iron and magnesia, with a small mixture of lime and carbon, all of which, after being mixed with oil and spread on, harmonise and combine in their natural state, forming a complete stone coating, impervious to the action of the weather, or fire, and the longer on, the harder and more permanent it seems to become. We have seen the pigment as taken from the mine, and it really is a most singular substance. It has the appearance of the finest indigo, and may easily be mashed between the fingers; but the exposure of a few days turns it to a hard stone. The examining committee of the Fair of the American Institute (held in this city last fall) reported that it was an article superior to everything that had previously been presented there as fire and weather proof covering, and awarded to Mr. Blake a medal. The Fair of the State of New York (held in Buffalo) also awarded a diploma. The agents of all the Fire Insurance companies in Akron, Ohio, where this paint is best known, have issued circulars to the effect that they will insure building, the roofs of which are well covered with this paint, at much lower premiums than those covered with tin or zinc, as they consider it a better fire proof. The chocolate is just the fashionable color of the day for the sides of our dwellings, and it forms a complete stone coating, through which not a particle of moisture can pass; it never peels off, and cannot fade, as it is the natural color of the substance. It will be well for those interested to see that they buy of Mr. Blake, the patentee, or his authorized agents, as there is said to be any quantity of worthless counterfeit stuff in the market, called fire-proof paint."—*Char. Courier.*

Ingenious Lock.—The Boston Chronotype gives an account of a new combination lock, perfected after years of application. The proprietor, J. B. Prince, proposes to place one thousand dollars in an iron safe, guarded by one of these locks, and give it to any one who will unlock the safe, having the key to do it with. Any one (says the Chronotype) needs only to examine the interior of the lock to see that the owner of the money is perfectly safe in the offer. A man with the right key might work a million of years and not stand any chance in a thousand millions of unlocking it. Indeed the slowness of the chance of opening it, without knowing how, is equivalent to an impossibility.

Yet with the rule before you, the lock is opened with facility and despatch. It also gives you notice if it has been tampered with in your absence. And should you suspect that any one has become possessed of the secret of opening it, you have only to turn a screw or two and set it to new numbers, and knowledge becomes perfectly useless.

The lock cannot be easily operated on by gunpowder, for no key hole leads into its interior, and if a hole were drilled in, and the powder injected, it would only blow off, or rather in, a plate which is entirely independent of the works. The lock would still be as good as before.

A NOVEL MARRIAGE.—The Hayti-ville (Ala.) Chronicle, contains an account of a marriage in that town, which has a novelty about it that will be quite charming to those young ladies who are partial to runaway matches and the like. The Chronicle says:

"The denizens of our quiet village, were thrown into some little excitement by the arrival here, on Sunday last, of a runaway couple from a neighboring county. The news soon spread through town, and a number of persons assembled at the corners of the streets, anxious to witness the result. Application was made to the clerk of the county court for a license, but owing to the stringent provisions of the law, in such cases made and provided, the application was refused. Here was a predicament. But the parties undaunted by opposing barriers, were determined upon the consummation of their wishes. Like the heroes and heroines of romance, neither locks, bolts, nor the opposing obstacles presented by the law, were sufficient to dampen their spirits or check their desires. After consulting with legal gentlemen, a happy expedient was hit upon to crown their labors with success, which was carried out in a be-

coming and graceful manner by the parties concerned. The crowd were politely invited to witness the scene in the drama and the happy consummation of the nuptials, which was performed in the following manner: The gentleman taking the lady by the hand, repeated the marriage ceremony in a clear and distinct voice, constituting them man and wife, to which the lady assented. After which, amid the smiles and congratulations of the crowd, they took their departure, doubtless well pleased with the happy termination of the affair. The parties are very respectable people, and reside in Montgomery county. The gentleman's name is Todd, and the lady's Russell. We wish the happy couple a long and prosperous life.

"By a decision of the Supreme Court, the agreement of the parties before witnesses, to become man and wife, constitutes them such to all intents and purposes; and hence we conclude the present marriage, though novel in its character, is a legal one."

WHAT HAS HE BEEN?—What is that to you? It is of no consequence if he has been one of the most abandoned of men. He is not so now. We care not what evil a man has done, provided he has heartily repented and now strives to live an upright, consistent life. Instead of looking back a dozen or twenty years to know what a person is, you should inquire 'What is he now?' What is his present character? If you find that his reformation is sincere, and that he laments his past errors, take him cordially by the hand and bid him God-speed in his noble pursuit. We are no friends to those who would rake up past sins and vices, to condemn one who has resolved to be upright and virtuous. Many a person is driven back to the paths of vice, who might have become an ornament to society, but for the disposition, too common among men, to rake up and drag to the light, long forgotten iniquities. We always admired the reply of a daughter to her father, who was asked respecting a young man of her acquaintance, 'Do you know where he comes from?' 'No,' replied the girl, 'I do not know where he comes from, but I know where he is going, and I wish to go with him.' That is right. If we see a person on the right track—exerting a good influence, it is sufficient without inquiring what has been his character heretofore. If he has reformed, what more can we desire?—and what benefit will it be to us to uncover and expose to the light, deeds of which he is heartily ashamed, and of which he has repented in dust and ashes?

AT PUBLIC SALE,

At Pickens Court House.

BY ORDER OF THE COURT OF EQUITY,

On the first Tuesday after the fifth Monday in October next, several tracts of valuable Land, appertaining to the Estate of the late J. E. Colhoun, lying on the Twelve Mile and Keowee Rivers, in the neighborhood of Pendleton Village, to wit:

Tract No. 2, containing 524 acres, on the Western side of Twelve Mile River, on the road leading from Pendleton Village to Pickens Court House, adjoining the lands of J. and E. Laurence, F. N. Garvin and others.

Tract No. 4, 452 acres, on the Eastern side of Twelve Mile River, (called the Saw Mill tract,) adjoining lands of John T. Sloan.

Tract No. 5, 134 acres, adjoining the same, Z. Powers and others, and also on the public road.

Tract No. 6, 548 acres, the central tract.

Tract No. 7, 426 acres, adjoining lands of J. W. Crawford, J. C. Calhoun and others.

Tract No. 8, 291 acres, within 2 1-2 miles of Pendleton Village, adjoining lands of Mrs. J. P. Lewis, S. Maverick and others.

Tract No. 9, (Waugh Branch tract) 220 acres, lying on the Eastern side of Twelve Mile, containing some of the most valuable low grounds, both on the River and Waugh Branch, to be found in the upper country.

The above Lands are well known to be valuable and advantageously situated, and particularly adapted to the culture of cotton.

Terms of sale will be a credit of One, Two, and Three years, to be secured by bonds and mortgages on the places, with interest from date.

In the mean time applications for private sale will be received by the Administrator and Guardian.

M. M. COLHOUN.

Sept. 22, 1849. 19-5w

Henry Harrison Hamilton,

Formerly of Pickens District, South Carolina, will find it to his interest, if living, to make himself known to his friends; and should he have died, any information respecting him will be thankfully received. Communications directed to this office.

The New Orleans Picayune, Houston Star, and Republican, Marshall, will each give three weekly insertions and forward their accounts to this Office. Oct. 13, 1849. 22-1in

Administrator's Sale.

Will be sold at the late residence of J. P. Archer, deceased, near Pickensville, on Tuesday 13th November next, all the personal property of said deceased; consisting of Four Negroes, Cattle, Hogs, Corn and Fodder, Oats, Wheat, Cart and Oxen, Carriage and Harness, Household Furniture and Kitchen Utensils; and other articles too tedious to mention; on a credit of twelve months for all sums of and over three dollars, with interest from date, with note and approved security—under three dollars, cash.

B. F. MAULDIN, Adm'r.

Sept. 14, 1849

All persons having demands against the Estate are requested to hand them in, legally proven; all indebted are requested to make immediate payment.

B. F. M.

18-2m

JAMES GEORGE, Merchant Tailor,

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has on hand a FINE VARIETY of

BROAD CLOTHS, CASIMERES, SATINETS, TWEEDS, KENTUCKY JEANS, &c

ALSO

AN ASSORTMENT OF READY-MADE

CLOTHING,

which he will sell cheap for Cash.

The public are invited to call and examine his Stock, before purchasing elsewhere.

Pickens C. H. May 25, 1849.

CHEAP GOODS.

Cheap as the Cheapest!

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is receiving at short intervals a

HANDSOME SELECTION OF

Dry Goods,

GROCERIES,

Hardware & Cutlery,

CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE,

Drugs and Medicines,

&c. &c. &c.

All selected expressly for this market and will be sold positively as cheap as the cheapest for cash.

S. R. McFALL.

Pickens C. H., S. C. }

May 18, 1849. }

1 11

LAND FOR SALE.

The subscriber having more Lands than he can cultivate, offers for sale a valuable Plantation, situated in Pickens District, on Fuller's Creek, waters of Conneross, containing 399 acres; about 150 of which is cleared and mostly fresh,—there is a large quantity of bottom land ditched and drained. The Plantation is good tillable and productive ground, as any in the up-country, under good fence and in a high state of cultivation. On the premises is a good Dwelling House, Kitchen, Negro House, Cotton Gin and Threshing Machine, and all necessary out buildings.

He will also sell 272 acres of Woodland lying near the above tract, situated near one road leading from Pickens C. H. to Carnsville, Ga., by way of Bachelor's Retreat, the other road leading from Andersonville to Clarksville, Ga., both roads running through the tract. On said tract is a small improvement; the balance well timbered land—the greater portion of it good farming land.

Persons desiring to purchase would do well to call and judge for themselves.

Terms made to suit purchasers. Apply to

THOMAS W. HARBIN.

August 25, 1849. 14-1f

Notice.

Application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature, for a Charter for a Turn-pike Road from Pickens C. H. through Jocassee Valley to the White Water Falls.

September 1, 1849.

NOTICE.

J. Nancy Cantrell, wife of John Cantrell, a farmer residing in Pickens District, So. Co. do hereby give notice of my intention to trade as a Sole-Trader, and to exercise all the privileges of a Free-Dealer after the expiration of one month from this notice.

Occupation, Weaver and Seamstress. August 25, 1849. 15-1m

JUST RECEIVED!

A Fresh Lot of Gent's Boots and Shoes, Boys do., Ladies and Misses Slippers and Ties; Gent's and Ladies' Saddle, Bridles, Whips, &c., &c. Iron, Castings and Nails, cheap for cash. Together with a full supply of Dr. D. Jaynes' Family Medicines; Dr. Rogers' Compound Syrup of Liverwort and Tar; Jew David's Hebrew Plaster or Pain Killer, &c., &c.

As an inducement to the buyer the subscriber will take in exchange for Goods, Beeswax, Tallow, Raw Hides, &c. S. R. McFALL. Pickens C. H., July 14, 1849. 9